In Recital

April Ramsay, piano

Sunday, April 2, 2000 at 8:00 pm

The Turning (1988)* — Katherine Ann Murdock (date unknown)

I. Thaw
II. Inclination
III. Confluence
IV. Divergence
V. Transformation

with guests: **Gillian Brinston, mezzo-soprano**
Jeff Anderson, alto saxophone

Intermission

Berceuse in D-Flat Major, Op. 57 (1843) — Frédéric Chopin (1810-1849)

Sonatine (1905) — Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

I. Modéré
II. Mouvement de menuet
III. Animé

Toccata for Piano (1965) — Phillip Lambro (b.1935)

Ms Ramsay is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Undergraduate), a Peace River Pioneer Memorial Scholarship and the John Newman Memorial Scholarship for Performance of Contemporary Music.

There will be a reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

*text on reverse

Convocation Hall

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Text

The Turning

I. Thaw

How softly it begins,
the sweet awakening
from winter's dark dream,
unbinding of the elements,
once locked in cold embrace,
set free by the touch
of a new and stronger sun.

Water,
liberated, part by part,
now destined to create
the small miracles of a
spring yet unseen,
unbinds and joins again
in glittering transformation,
once solid, now dancing,
flowing freely
to the center of the world.

II. Inclination

Once again
the earth inclines
toward softer breezes.

Once again
the living air
conspires with earth and rain,
and love is made manifest
in new life.

Life runs in chromatic riot,
redolent of green and promise,
dancing in foolish joy and inspiration
to the breathing of the earth.

Once again,
as day and night
progress toward equal measure,

And nature's spell
casts grace upon a waiting world,

All is well,
All lies before me.

The new air
tingles with possibility.
Hope quickens and blooms.
My spirit soars to each horizon.

III. Confluence

Light lingering,
the solar arch ascends
to solstice.

Languorous, catlike,
stretching open,
the earth, rejoicing,
ripens
in the hot and heavy light.

Summer's sultry exhalation,
hanging, still and fragrant,
clings, like an aura,
as we, too, cling
in luscious gravitation.

Your radiance transfigures me.
I am purified by
your incendiary eyes.
Together, each becomes the other,
until no boundaries
impede our crossings.

Time hangs still
upon our sweet confluence,
And in these lasting, languid
evenings,
I touch the ancient mystery.

IV. Divergence

Hold back!
Hold back the seasons!
Hold back the leaving of the light!

When did I lose the summer?
When did the bond fail?
The knot slip?
When did we fall
back into our separateness,
less than lovers,
less than strangers,
less than...

Time has stolen your light
from my life.
The bitter wind of parting
chills me to my center.
Who would have thought
that such a love would be
perishable?
But the earth turns,
And you turn
away from me.

Love's center cannot hold.
Love's phantom alchemy
is mere illusion.
The brilliance of autumn only
signifies decay.
And as the world ripens toward death,
I gaze at the mirror of my soul
And see no reflection.

V. Transformation

Snow surprises in its silent falling,
soothing, sanctifying
the tired, wounded earth.

Bright stillness trembles
above a plain of crystal,
lying like some dazzling, perfect
mirror
in the cold, sidereal light.

Above the distant mountains
the moon hangs
like a silver eye,
And winter constellations dance
across the arch of sky,
old friends, returned again
from summer in another Heaven.

Not a sound from edge to edge.
Nothing but the lowest tone,
barely sensed as physical pulsation,
the deep and rhythmic resonance,
the beating of the heart of the earth.

All is silence,
All is still,
though one could almost hear
the chiming of the stars.

And above the radiant stillness,
Hope hangs,
like a delicate angel,
And I am blessed.